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PRESENT STATE OF FRANCE.

The following extract of a private letter from a friend in Paris—although not containing any thing very remarkable—we submit to our readers, as affording an evidence of the present tranquil state of the French capital, and the towns passed by the individual from whom we received the communication, and by whom we expect to be supplied in future with any thing of interest which may take place in that quarter.

“ Paris, Nov. 16, 1830.

“ My last letter to you, dated from London, Oct. 16, would have informed you of my intention of proceeding to this capital in the course of a few days : and on the 17th, I embarked in a steam-packet ; and after an agreeable passage, arrived at Calais the same night.

“ Finding the state of public affairs perfectly tranquil, I did not hesitate in proceeding here, where I arrived by short stages (made in order to avoid travelling by night, and for the purpose of seeing the state of the country and towns on the road) on the 23d ult. In every place I visited, I found things perfectly settled. Paris is as peaceable as ever I recollect to have seen it ; and although the administration of the police and of the military department of the city has been principally confided to the armed citizens, constituting the national guard, since the glorious revolution, the capital appeared to me to be as safe and peaceable as could be wished for. The demonstration of friendly feeling in the people of the united kingdom towards the heroic population of Paris, on account of the extraordinary events of the revolution, the eulogiums bestowed on the people of Paris in public assemblies in England, from the House of Peers down to the meetings in country towns ; and the considerable sums of money which have been subscribed in the united kingdom for the relief of the sufferers in that memorable catastrophe, have rendered the French nation more friendly towards the Anglais (as the natives of our three kingdoms are generally termed in France) than ever was the case before ; indeed, I think I may truly say, for centuries past. I have taken up my quarters in Paris for the winter, as I hope, and have placed myself in a very desirable lodging, well deserving the name of Bellevue, as it looks to the south, close to and over the garden of the palace—the river, with several bridges, the Champs Eliséés, the Foughbourg, St. Germain, with many of the principal public buildings of the capital, bounded by an extensive amphitheatre of hills. Such has been the mildness of the weather, since I have been in Paris, that I have not yet had occasion to have a fire in my apartment ; this is owing in some measure to the southern exposure : but a greater proof of the temperature is this, that ladies and gentlemen may be seen sitting in the gardens and public walks, even after sunset.”

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

BY TWO HERMITS IN LONDON.

To the gentle reader, these.—Though we rejoice in a plurality, we wish to be understood as only singularly plural, in most of our subsequent notes. When we say, for instance, that we have stood upon the highest pinnacle of St. Paul's, in order to catch the first glimpse of the king, in his intended procession to Guildhall, we mean not to imply that we have both stood

there; for hermits though we be, we are by no means of so preternatural a consistency as to exist together in one and the same space: neither should the like error be committed, when we narrate that we have dived into the newest bore of the shield in the Tunnel. The utmost that is to be understood in the matter is this—that when one of us is in any particular spot, the other is to be considered as present in the spirit. Thus much we thought it expedient to explain, in order to prevent mistakes; so without further prelude, caution, or advertisement, we suppose we may now begin.

November 1, Monday.—That quack of the first magnitude, St. John Long, was brought up for sentence to-day. The damage £250.—*Mem.* When a fellow of no-matter-what education or attainments, sets himself forth as a “medical practitioner,” and is clever enough with a nostrum to gull the gentlefolk of England out of twelve thousand a year, and in the course of his practice, is convicted of killing a young lady who has had no disease, his gross ignorance is not to be imputed to him, and he gets off by paying £250.—the forty-eighth part of a year’s income. This is the law. Without quitting the dock he drew from his pocket a parcel of bank notes—paid the money—received the congratulations of his friends—stepped into a Noble Lord’s curricule—and drove off to attend his anxious patients in Harley-street. We were present at the trial on Saturday, and have a note or two to make about it.

The person who calls himself *St. John* (pronounced *Singeing*) Long, is a pale-faced, dark-eyed man, of about five and thirty years of age, meagre, and above the middle size. It would not be difficult to guess that he is, or was a painter. We are fond of making comparisons, and seldom at a loss when we have a face to describe; for we take it to be an error to suppose that of features is so very uncommon. A few faces of public characters variously compounded and arranged, are material enough for us to pourtray half the world. The readers of the *NATIONAL* who reside in Dublin, may readily have St. John Long in effigy before them; he is the very double of J. M’C—, of Ebenezer. The prisoner stood in the dock during the earlier part of the day, full of fear and trembling; but when indulged with a chair, and encouraged by the polite attentions of the bench, he gradually took heart; until at length, when the jury retired, he was in considerable life and spirits, drank his coffee, and ate his bread and butter with appetite and satisfaction.

November 2.—What a commotion about the opening of Parliament by the king in person! “The very streets are all alive!” as somebody has said, or would say, as he bored himself a passage through the dense living mass, that blocked up Whitehall. Myriads waiting to see his Majesty in procession, drawn by his eight cream-coloured steeds. But not to be seduced by the allurements of pageantry, we went right onward, and by two o’clock were seated in the gallery of the House of Commons. A weary birth, as all men know who have ever been there—for hours, one must live only upon hope. Nothing upon this occasion occurred to disturb the dulness of the scene, except the departure of the speaker into the House of Lords, with a crowd of unruly members at his heels, jostling one another, to get as close to the learned gentleman as possible—like school-boys running out when a holiday is given them. Upon their return—another tedious pause—until about half past four—the performances commenced with a musical overture from the speaker. He read the speech with one of the most sonorous of voices. ’Twere bootless to describe the oratory of the mover and seconder of the address—better to forget such trashy prosing stuff. The seconder, Mr. Dundas, by the way, wore regimentals, which explains the otherwise unintelligible allusion of Hume to certain “red-coats.” What a being this Hume is! Is it quite so certain a thing that there is no Irish blood in his veins? He possesses all the peculiarities commonly attributed to the vulgar Irishman—saving the brogue—for which, however, he amply compensates by a doubly rich Scotch one. He blunders on everlastingly—and all his good things (and he makes many hits) are begotten of blunders. Nor can

any thing disconcert him in the least, or put him out of countenance : rightly, aptly, in short, did the author of the *Anecdotes of Impudence*, select the present member for Middlesex to grace the title page with his portrait. It is this invaluable quality that extricates him from situations in which a more modest man would be overwhelmed. Barbarisms, anachronisms, and all manner of awkwardnesses in abundance are displayed by the hon. member ; but explanations he has great contempt for ; he perseveres, and worries the House into good humour with him.

The Irish members in this parliament seem disposed to take a sensible and manly part. If they could but be persuaded to return from dinner time enough, they would do very well. There are some capital listeners among them, but few good speakers. O'Gorman Mahon, in other respects, a conspicuous member, has not opened his mouth yet, except to cry "hear, hear." It would be well if some of his agitating friends could induce him to discard his white hat, to put off his check shirt, and to wear a waistcoat. He sits next the Major—on whom time seems to have wrought woful changes—his whiskers have lost all their splendour—his compactness has ceased to be remarkable—and his appearance altogether, is merely that of a lubberly country gentleman.

But, O'Connell is decidedly the bear of the ring. His character is thoroughly understood ; it is established, and the impression he has made is, that he blusters too much. The House does not put faith in him ; his statements are not relied upon ; he has not won his way in gaining the good opinion of the House ; his plan is to storm it—to bully it—to sneer at it. But this will never do. On the present occasion, in his reply to Peel, he was heard out with patience and attention, with more, indeed, by far, than the tone in which he spoke should have gained for him. As to the "cheers" and "hears" so liberally bestowed upon the speech to which we allude in some of the newspapers—they were given to him, *not in the House*. His tone and manner were too contemptuous to earn applause, or any other flattering mark of notice ; it was felt that his object plainly was to provoke an attack upon him, and to found upon such admirable occurrence a heap of abuse on the British Parliament generally. In this, however, he failed—being heard out in silence. Dan will have to learn to *behave himself*.

Mr. Brougham made a grand display in his dissection of the speech, and was particularly splendid in his panegyric on the late revolution in France—which he "believed in his soul to have been one of the most glorious ever known, which rescued a brave and faithful population from the ruthless tyranny under which they groaned—a revolution rendered yet more glorious by the temperance which marked its close ; for it is far more glorious for a people to gain a conquest over their passions when roused to vengeance, than to overcome a tyrant in the field of battle." And, again, in conclusion, when he announced it to be his determination to cling to the existing orders of the state—or as he expressed it in another speech in the course of the evening, "to stand upon the ancient ways of the Constitution ;" the cheers that followed were tremendous. Brougham is a clever fellow.

Sir R. Peel spoke, as usual, in his clear, correct, and measured cadences, but with more than ordinary force, when he chastised the member for Waterford, and his agitation of that "mad project that never could be executed." The Right Honourable Secretary looks exceedingly care-worn and woe-begone.

While on the subject of Parliament we may throw in some notes, that properly indeed belong to a late period of the month. The Duke of Wellington has spoken many foolish things this session already ; but he must, nevertheless, get credit for having said some wise ones. His reply to the Duke of Leinster's mawkish observations on the state of Ireland, deserves to be remembered ; it was brief and pungent :—"If the absentees are anxious for the peace of their country, *they must alter their plan* ; they must live at home, and watch in person over their estates." If the Duke had always spoken thus sensibly, and acted up to his words, he would have been Prime Minister still, despite of the imbecility of Goulburn.

Mr. Sadler's motion for the introduction of the Poor Laws into Ireland, has terrified the country gentlemen. The question is one of momentous importance; its advantages problematical. The middle classes in Ireland, however, who will be deeply interested in a measure which could never be recalled, may rest satisfied that whatever learning, intelligence, and an intimate knowledge of the subject can accomplish, will be effected by that humane and patriotic gentleman.

The attorneys of London, who would seem to be half the population, have conspired to work the ruin of Mr. Brougham, for his plan of legal reform, and of cheap and speedy justice—whereby they have shown to their admiring countrymen that they are the most virtuous and disinterested portion of the community: the public will, doubtless, appreciate their patriotic efforts as they deserve. The lawyers and pleaders of this country are the secret, though bitter enemies of Mr. Brougham's plans: the establishment of county courts would affect their practice severely, and that is sufficient to ensure their animosity. But though they might have it in their power to injure him materially, especially on circuit, his views are too extended, and his philanthropy too enlightened, to suffer him to be diverted from his noble purpose by the paltry motives of self-interest and gain. The objections to his plan are more than specious, and they derive additional weight from the sanction and approbation of learned and incorruptible men. Lord Tenterden, it is said, is hostile to the innovation—more properly speaking, the improvement on the mere suggestions of the great Lord Hale. The Chief Justice, perhaps wedded too strongly to the ancient system of law, which he has long expounded with consummate ability, conceives that very cheap litigation would be a curse to the country. His lordship, however, is not opposed to amendments in the present system; he has himself prepared several. The late Chief Justice of the Common Pleas complains that Lord Tenterden does not go far enough, and has a plan of his own which he means to submit to the wisdom of Parliament. Lord Wynford was a testy but honest judge; his decisions in many instances, like those of Lord Mansfield, had an equitable bias, and have been overruled. He had a strong desire to introduce the principle of *common sense* in opposition to *precedent*, and his views were consequently abhorred by all good lawyers and honest men, and naturally; for what has *common sense* to do with *law*?

The King's Bench is an altered place. Justice Bayley who sat there for twenty years, and even as constant as Joe Hume to his pillar, is gone, and with him all that was venerable in law, and cautious in deportment. Justice Littledale sits in the Bail Court, and their places are supplied by Messrs. Taunton and Pattison, dry, plodding men, who were born pleaders. The law commissioners are much to be admired; they recommended the appointment of the additional judges, and availed themselves modestly of the benefit of their own excellent recommendation. Meanwhile, the whole affair of law reform is regarded as a farce, by a majority of the profession, and by the booksellers—no mean judges, who have several important and expensive works in the press; a new edition of Chitty's Pleadings, for instance, on the good old plan, save that it is amended and revised by his sons: an edition too of Burn's Justice, by another Chitty, a complete and masterly compilation of modern law. So the lovers of law reform are likely to wait longer than they may wish for the accomplishment of their desires.

November 8.—This morning it was announced, that the king would not dine with the city folk. Consternation, of course, was the order of the day.

“Consternabantur Constantinopolitani
Innumerabilibus sollicitudinibus.”

We love a good quotation, and what can be more appropriate than this classical and most musical distich? The citizens were set all agog. And then it turns out that Don Key and Sir Cloud, were at the bottom of it all. Not the first time, indeed, that an ass (if we may trust the chroniclers) thrusting his long ears into what he could not comprehend, and entangling

himself in *impediments*, struck fear and dread into stouter hearts than those of his Majesty's ministers. Then, to see the mass of the people collected in groups in the streets, gazing into each other's faces, and asking what could be the matter, adding to the commotion by their numbers, and rendering collisions with the police unavoidable; and this forsooth was an insurrection—the British Revolution! But the whole affair has been traced to its sources, and all the mystery of it has been cleared up. The best account of the circumstances which led to the precipitate determination of ministers, is that of Sir Claudius Hunter. The knight is as eloquent, as he is clear-headed, and his statement would deserve to be set up in letters of gold: it is a model of diplomatic explanation:—

"I went to the Secretary of State and after seating myself I asked if Lady Peel was well and stated that I wanted a white charger. He said he did not know what to do with the Duke of Wellington and I said there were two hundred and fifty tureens soft turtle and he said we must have the military in the city and I said we should have sprats as usual on Lord Mayor's day. He shook his head like Lord Crowder and I said I should like to exercise on the white charger before Tuesday and he said that the lamp would be put out and I said that I had borrowed a splendid saddle from Sir Peter Laurie and he said he had many of Swing's letters and I said that there would be a rare jollification and he said Sir isthelaw and you know it and I said I did not think I should be thrown and he said he would consult the Cabinet and I said good morning Sir Robert."

But *amoto ludo*, the effects of this silly, stupid business, were far from being laughable. We must not forget the serious fluctuation of the funds—the hazarding of the king's popularity—the withdrawal of all confidence from Government—and above all, the grievous disappointment of the Aldermen.

November 14.—We are essentially reading-men; and in the intervals of our more serious banquettings, love to skim the cream of the periodicals—no brief occupation, if we would leave no good things untouched. Our inclinations lead us to the *Standard* for our diurnal politics—the *Athenæum* for our hebdomadal regular dose of literature—and to *Blackwood*, the *New Monthly*, and the *National*, for our month's-mind. With these we contrive to solace ourselves.

In the *New Monthly*, we have just read with exceeding interest, Barry Cornwall's *Recollections of Hazlitt*—an article that does honour to the endearing friendship and integrity of the writer. It leaves little to be desired towards as complete a biography as can be had of that distinguished man—that spoiled child of genius, as he might perhaps be called. We know not how it is; but we feel a deeper sentiment of regret for Hazlitt, than for any other eminent person connected with literature, who has died within the last ten years. His story is altogether pitiable. He was a pure specimen of what even the ablest *littérateur* is in England—a drudge, and a poor one—hard-worked, and unhappy. The circumstance of our having, in a most unexpected manner, attended his funeral, may add, perhaps, somewhat to the interest we take in those *Recollections*. We shall note a few facts relating to this last sad office—for error, as well as oblivion, creeps on apace—and we are warned by some misrepresentations that have appeared already.

It was on the sixth day after the death of Hazlitt, that we found ourselves in Frith-street, Soho: an incontrollable and melancholy curiosity prompted us to see the house in which he breathed his last. Scarcely had we reached the door, when from it issued forth a coffin, followed by four mourners: this was the whole procession that conducted the remains of Hazlitt to the grave—and this in London, the rich, the populous, the abounding with the friends and patrons of literature: not a carriage, nor a vehicle of any sort, was in attendance, and but four solitary mourners. Of these, *one* was the only son of the deceased, and the only relative present; and one other, perhaps his only friend, Charles Lamb:—

" — to those who knew thee justly dear
For rarest genius and for sterling worth,
Unchanging friendship, warmth of heart sincere."

It was delightful to find this well-merited panegyric thus practically exemplified, and consolatory amidst the manifest apostasy of hollow admirers, to observe, at least, one true friend, worth them all, following the weary sojourner to the tomb. The grave was the deepest we ever saw—made so, probably, at his own request. “Earth, hide me!” was perhaps his frequent aspiration as he lay on his bed of death. We wish we could take a less gloomy view of the closing of the grave over such a man as Hazlitt; but it is impossible. He might not have been an amiable man; and he certainly had great faults: but he must be allowed great virtues also. He was an original and a profound thinker: an eloquent writer; and, above all, possessed an immutable love of truth, and honesty of purpose. It is not for us to discuss his merits or defects; but we will say, that if Hazlitt was “at feud with the world,” and gave pain to any by the violence of his asserted opinions, or by the peculiarities of his temper, neither was he often at peace with himself—he was but too frequently his own tormentor—and he sunk into the grave at a comparatively early age (an age, by the way, singularly fatal to men of talent;) his years were numbered on his coffin-plate as fifty-two. We shall only add further, that the burial, though humbly, was decently conducted: the funeral rites were all duly performed; and the churchyard of St. Anne’s has now one more attraction, in containing the mortal relics of William Hazlitt.

One word more about the New Monthly. We have read an article in it, said to be from the pen of Mr. Shiel, and entitled, *Zoology in Dublin*. From internal evidence, it is clearly his. The style of that small portion of original matter which is prefixed to the newspaper extracts, is thin and feeble, though sounding and bombastic. He speaks like an auctioneer of “the appraisement of literary talents;” but it is not so much for the style as the sentiment that we hold it up to contempt. The writer boasts of having attended at the first meeting held in the Rotunda, since the settlement of the great question, for the introduction of new tastes into Ireland. We wish, on our part, to state a fact, for the information of the gentle reader, concerning the pseudo-patrons of new tastes and literature in Dublin. We would mention the names of those who will make up a trashy article for the New Monthly, or any other magazine, provided they receive ten guineas a sheet for it; and who, though they deplore the low state of native literature, have never, from the first establishment of the *Dublin Literary Gazette*, and *National Magazine*, to the present moment, contributed in any way to its support. Though its pages have been adorned by the voluntary contributions of Miss Loudon, Miss Jewesbury, and Mrs. Hall, though it has been admired and encouraged by Moore, and assisted by Irish gentlemen, whose names would do honour to any literary undertaking; yet, the great guardian spirits of literature in Ireland, the protectors, and patrons, and upholders of the Irish character for literature, Lady Morgan, and Mr. Shiel, never subscribed for, nor noticed the work in any one way; zealous, no doubt, though they be for “the introduction of new tastes into Ireland.” Some strong expressions of indignation and disgust occur to us; but we shall not indulge ourselves in giving them utterance.

November 16.—Aroused, and not a little surprised, on hearing the result of Sir Henry Parnell’s motion last night, we hastened to the house early to-day, to hear what ministers had to say for themselves, and to be delighted with Brougham’s expected speech on the reform question. The crowd was excessive, and we were squeezed and jostled most unmercifully. The gallery was crammed in a moment. The sensation created by the ministerial defeat, was unusually great. What will they say? What will they do? was on every one’s tongue. The house itself presented an extraordinary spectacle; it was nearly full at two, but crowded in all parts before three. Members were busily engaged in securing seats by placards. In short, every thing tended to give “note of preparation.” Some petitions were presented, and thrust into the bottomless drawer with extra expedition. The ministerial members had a doleful melancholy look, and sat with folded

arms in gloomy meditation on their uncomfortable condition. The Whigs looked confident and triumphant, satisfied that their opponents were discomfited; and, perhaps, that the pleasures of office were now, at least, within their own grasp. Sir Robert Peel entered, and proceeding straight to the speaker, whispered a few words into his ear, and then took his seat as usual on the treasury bench. He is an altered man, thin, pale, and careworn: his looks bespeak a harassed and persecuted minister: another year of office, another year of battling like the last, would send him to the grave. He took an early opportunity of addressing the house, and announced his resignation in a firm and manly tone. He certainly never appeared to us to greater advantage, than in this his last ministerial statement. Mr. Brougham reluctantly postponed his motion. Alderman Waithman rose to speak, which was the signal for every man to cut and run; and shortly afterwards, the house adjourned. Mr. Goulburn was missing during the evening; neither did we observe the attorney-general in his place. The satellites of the treasury, homeward plodded their weary way with dejected looks and weary hearts, lamenting their sad fortune, and cursing their opponents. We passed through Westminster-hall, and as the king's bench was still sitting, for it was but a little after four, we turned in to hear Lord Tenterden growling at his new colleagues. On looking round us, what was our surprise to find Sir James Scarlett there, in wig and gown, with scarcely a barrister in court but himself, his briefs all in his bag, and his head resting on his hand, meditating on his blighted prospects, and indulging in all the luxury of silent grief. Politically speaking, he saw clearly that he was a gone man: the new administration, he was well aware, dared not promote him, even if they could; his unpopularity being so deep-rooted and universal. It was impossible to suppress the painful reflection, that had the late ministry shuffled for a few months longer, he might have succeeded to Lord Tenterden's place, and his name and family would have been ennobled with a peerage. But no administration dare now promote him; and from this impressive example, let all aspiring crown lawyers henceforth learn how highly detrimental to their hopes of promotion it must ever be, to assail the liberties of the press, and insolently to brave its resentment. The appointment of Mr. Denman to the attorney-generalship, is a most popular measure. Although but a shallow lawyer, he is well qualified for the general duties of the office. He is moreover universally beloved by his professional brethren.

The consequences of a change of ministry at this period, cannot but be most important. Reform and retrenchment, will go hand in hand, and the wise suggestions of such men as Sir James Graham and Mr. Sadler, will be no longer neglected. May the future career of these gentlemen be as honourable and consistent as their past conduct, and as an inducement to them so to behave, they shall be sketched in the pages of the NATIONAL.

The London University will, no doubt, like King's College, be endowed with a charter. Its founder and best supporters are among the heads of the new ministry; Earl Grey has presided at the distribution of honours within the walls. Never has any institution been so ridiculously abused, as we shall, perhaps, hereafter show.

With our own ears have we heard Mr. Brougham declare, with emphatic energy, that no change of administration could affect him; and that no matter who was minister, he would, on the 25th instant, bring forward his motion for reform. We know he declared in the King's Bench that he would have no other place than that of representative of Yorkshire; yet, in the face of these solemn assertions so recently made, he has accepted the splendid office of the Chancellorship. Coupling this fact with the story told of him in Canning's time, that he would not accept the place of Chief Baron, lest when he left the House of Commons he might want *post horses* to take a stage further—to the seals—we must conclude that the learned and patriotic gentleman, amidst his exertions for the public good, was not unmindful of his own interests. Had he refused the too tempting bribe, he would have been the greatest man in England.

The Edinburgh Review, in an article of which Mr. Brougham is understood to have been the author, attacked Lord Lyndhurst for his incapacity as a Chancery lawyer. How is Mr. Brougham, who never in his life held a brief in the Court of Chancery, a whit more capable than his courtly predecessor? and who, moreover, had not a high character as a sound and practical common-law lawyer. He is now to preside in a court where such men as Sugden and Horne practise. Erskine and Lyndhurst, singular specimens of incapacity upon the Chancery bench, should warn the government against the folly of appointing to the highest and most difficult judicial situations, mere *nisi prius* advocates, be their eloquence never so brilliant—their political talents never so splendid. The office of Chancellor should be given to him who has proved himself to be a thorough black-letter man, and political honors should be reserved for him who has shown himself to be a statesman. Mr. Brougham by accepting the seals has lowered his reputation, and testified but too clearly that he is fully sensible of the secrets of power. He has accepted a situation for which he is at present incompetent, and he has done the very thing for which, most unsparingly and bitterly, he reproached others. His friends say in his defence, that he *has consented* to become Lord High Chancellor of England merely in order the better to carry into effect his own measures. We trust sincerely this may be the case, and that he may now devote the patronage of his office as he has heretofore done the powers of his mind—to the spread of knowledge and the encouragement of learning.

It is said that Earl Grey wished to have made Lord Plunket Chancellor of England—a glorious tribute to his commanding talents—but that the *indignation* of the English bar promised to render such an arrangement impracticable, nor should the sentiments and feelings of such a bar be despised. The lawyers of England include among their members some of the noblest characters in the country. Amidst their multifarious and important avocations, the interests of letters have never been forgotten; they watch over the publication of quarterly, monthly, and weekly periodicals for the improvement of the people; they have founded noble institutions, and their highest boast is, that if they were dead to-morrow their names would be recorded in the annals of literature. If our Irish barristers, even at the humblest distance, would follow their example, instead of disturbing the country by foolish clamour, Dublin would be a different capital; and if they wish well to the literature and literary character of their country, they should to the utmost of their ability support it. It will not do to shake their sagacious heads as they walk home from court, saying that nothing will succeed in Ireland, when to ensure that success, some among them would not speak a kind word or spend a single shilling.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Gospel according to St. John, in Irish; with an interlined English translation; and a Grammatical Praxis on the Gospel according to St. Matthew in Irish, accompanied with a short introduction to Irish pronunciation, and an appendix consisting of familiar conversations. For the use of Students. By Owen Connellan, Transcriber of ancient Irish manuscripts to his Majesty. Tims, Dublin; Hamilton and Adams, London—12mo.

There has always been a kind of Freemasonry about the Irish language; very few but those of whom it was the vernacular tongue, and generally otherwise un-

educated and ignorant, have given the necessary attention to acquire even a smattering of Irish, and no one has yet understood it perfectly. For this reason, little has been done towards supplying elementary books; beside grammars, there are but one or two; and the low Irishman who has learned to read his own language, considers himself too profound a philomath to condescend to make others as wise and great a scholar as himself, if he were able to teach. We are gratified, therefore, in no common degree, with Mr. Connellan's production, which is really the most useful book ever published on the subject; and we are also pleased to